

"THE LAST FALL IN"

O'er barracks the last fall in has blown
Echoing o'er the hill
Thy battlements, thy ivied walls, alone
They stand so still.

No laughter fills thy silent halls
No youthful voices shrill;
No bugle calls resound the walls
Just quiet, soft, and still.

I wonder, shall we meet again,
Oh, school I hold so dear;
Shall e'er I see all those who've been
My friends and classmates here?

Yes, I know we'll meet again
In priceless memories dear,
In memories, so precious when
I'm many miles from here.

I shan't forget thee, A. M. A.
In all the years yet to come.
The joys we found in work and play,
Inseparable,—are one.

And as the setting sun does gleam
On Augusta's Towers high,
And night, like a blanket, dims the
scene,
I hear the night wind sigh.

No taps ring out, in silence there,
For the wind to aid its flight,
There's nought to cut that clear, calm
air

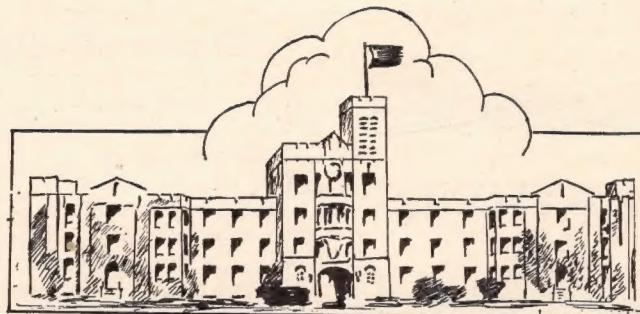
Augusta's alone tonight.
Alone, but yet the hearts of us all
In spirit are with her still;
As filled with pride, our minds recall
Her spirit, strength, and will.

O'er barracks the last fall in has blown
Echoing o'er the hill;
Thy battlements, thy ivied walls, alone
They stand so still.

Bob Lewis, '37.

JIMMY CHEZEM ELECTED PRESIDENT OF Y.M.C.A.

At the last regular meeting of the YMCA, May 18, Jimmy Chezem was elected president for the year 1947-48. For vice-president Al Gonzales was chosen to help Chezem. The office of secretary went to Guy Gooding while that of the treasurer was won by John R. Englehart. The cabinet will include in addition to the above officers the following: Bill Lacy, C. E. Deane, Paul Hancock, H. Hancock. Others will be added at the beginning of the new school term in September. With the newly elected officers another banner year for the "Y" is in store. Induction of these officers will take place at the last meeting of the Y on Sunday evening June 1.



THE BAYONET

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

VOL. 5

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May 28, 1947

No. 8

Tom Fouracre, Bill Aldrich Named Co-Editors of Cadet Publications For The Session 1947-48

With the appearance of this, the final issue of the school paper, we announce to the corps of cadets the *Bayonet* Staff that will publish the *Bayonet* next year. Something new has been started in the choosing of the editor for next year, and that is the leader of the *Bayonet* next year will be two people in the form of Co-Editors.

Cadets Fouracre and Aldrich have been named as the Co-Editors. It is not just by luck that these were chosen, but through the merits of their work on this year's publications. Both Cadets will be third year men next year. They are both worthy of the honor, and are both equally capable of the work. The choice between the two would have been a very difficult one, so they were both chosen.

Cadets Carter Wood, Pat Williams, and Bob Bradford were selected as Associate Editors, and to them falls the catering to every whim of the editors, retyping, rewriting, and generally everything there is to do.

The position of Business Manager is still open and it will be filled next fall when school opens.

The Sports Department will be handled by Cadet Harris, W. Their's is the job covering and writing up all the athletic contests that Augusta participates in.

The features will be written by Cadet Johnny Morris, who has proven his ability in this field with several manuscripts.

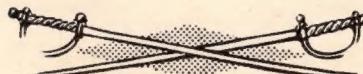
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"MOTHER MAC" RETURNS FOR VISIT

During the past two weeks the school, the cadet corps and faculty had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Florence McCormick, who was school nurse until her retirement last spring. "Mother Mac" was the guest of honor at a reception at the home of Col. and Mrs. Charles S. Roller, Jr. at their home, "White Hall," Sunday evening May 18. We sincerely hope that her stay with Col. and Mrs. Roller will be extended to reach through the "Finals." Welcome back "Mother Mac" and best wishes for the future.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT HOLDS DANCE

Saturday, May 17, marked another milestone in the history of AMA when Mrs. Davis assisted by Mrs. McKinney held a dance from four until six for the members of "Jay Barracks". The sixth and seventh grade rooms were decorated in blue and white. Guests for the Juniors were Misses Linda Norman Roller, Margaret Gardner, Sandra Patterson, Elizabeth Pancake, Libby Grafton, Margaret Archer, and Betty Wilson. Hostesses were Mrs. C. S. Roller, Jr., Mrs. Dwight McKinney, Mrs. O. A. Davis, and Miss Carrie Crawford. Refreshments were served.



THE BAYONET

THE STAFF

Co-Editors

TOM FOURACRE-BILL ALDRICH
Associate Editors
CARTER WOOD
PAT WILLIAMS
BOB BUCHMASTER
BOB FRESHMAN
DAN STREET
HARLEY DAVIDSON

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

SATURDAY, MAY 31st

10:00 A. M. Exhibition Drill "Roller Rifles"

11:00 A. M. Morning "Hop" for Monogram Club

2:00 P. M. Competitive Drill for Platoon Cup

5:00 P. M. Dress Parade

8:30 P. M. Moving Pictures

SUNDAY, June 1st

9:00 A. M. Guard Mount "A" Company

11:30 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon—Old Stone Church, Rev. J. L. Gibbs, D. D., Staunton, Va.

5:00 P. M. Dress Parade

5:30 P. M. Sacred Concert in Circle

7:00 P. M. Reception and Buffet supper at "White Hall" for Alumni, Patrons, Faculty and Graduating Class Honoring Graduating Class.

8:30 P. M. Final Meeting of the Y. M C. A.—Assembly Hall.

MONDAY, JUNE 2nd

9:00 A. M. Guard Mount "B" Company

10:00 A. M. Setting-Up Exercises by Entire Corps

2:30 P. M. Silent Drill "E" Company

3:00 P. M. Exhibition Drill "Roller Rifles"

5:00 P. M. Dress Parade

8:30 P. M. Final Celebration of the Ciceronian Literary Society

TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd

9:00 A. M. Guard Mount "D" Company

10:00 A. M. Setting-Up Exercises by "A," "B," "C," "D," Companies

11:15 A. M. Exhibition Infantry Combat Platoon, "C" Company

2:00 P. M. Competitive Drill among all Companies, followed by Individual Competitive Drill

4:00 P. M. Review Before Alumni

10:00 P. M. Final Ball

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th

10:00 A. M. Closing Exercises—Memorial Gymnasium, Awarding of Certificates and Diplomas, Prizes, Medals

QUADRANGLE QUIRPS

W G—GS BesV Z . SK
Where does Howard get his cigarettes —huh? Ask Panzy.

What happened between Pandazides and Major Hoover? "huh"

You might watch your step Panzy! ! ! Who's Panzy's new flame? Could it be Keily from Norfolk, Va? Huh Pandazides. "Big Athens" says he loves her more than anything or anyone in this world. But I guess that just goes to show his love for her.

Has Tokar lost any cokes lately, May? Hey, Larus, what's this about you sleeping in a tent every night?

Say, what happened to "Al's" true love?

What dumb dodo in No. 6 washes his floor with Bon Ami? Ask L. E. W. What boy has it bad? Ask S. A. M. Who skis in the summer? Ask "Al". Ask Maj. Hoover what happened to his golf clubs.

206 is at least clean thanks to Denny, Knute and Jim.

General Dawson was awakened four times the other night before G. I. Ask Moon why.

Ask Gonzales what Bratton, Buckmaster, Sheppe, Laying and Wright did to him the other night. He told me he was all hot and bothered.

Who's the new cadet who decided to take showers in the 2nd stoop tower? Huh Sam.

Why won't Crowgey write to Winchester? We hear he is having woman trouble.

Who's the teacher who never raises his voice in class? Huh Shirley.

Why does Adelberg stand in front of a mirror and say, "Your Dynamite Kid"?

Who is the Buck Sgt. on the staff who thinks he rates O. D.?

Who said to a girl "If you don't kiss me I'll wrestle you and I'm pretty good at It"?

What's this we hear about Lowey going to be a preacher? Ask 221.

Haitz is called Crisco Kid. You know, fat in the can.

Who's been giving Farley and Childs a hard time in 221.

I hear that Farley has reformed these days.

Who were the boys who tried to ruin Aldrich's guard detail.

and Military Honors—Colonel Chas. S. Roller Jr., Address to Graduating Class General A. F. Kibler, U. S. Military Staff Comm., New York City. Valedictorian—Captain Michael C. Welch, Washington, D. C.

12:00 Noon, Auld Lang Syne Parade—Front of Barracks.

Who's been cleaning up on the races in Major Manch's German II classes, ask Seibold and Lohman.

We hear that Major Manch's jokes aren't so hot! If you don't believe us ask his German II.

Who's the old cadet that stands up for old cadets. Ask Crowgey about it. I hear that new cadets just love the second stoop tower.

What's that about the new cadets from H. Q. Co. not liking the new cadet code in big barracks? Is it too rough boys, Huh! ! !

Flash, the new cadets have been finning out lately.

What's this about Harris planning to sleep at Capt. Roller's house during finals, or is he going into the moving business?

What's this we hear about a reformation or a revolt in "E" Company?

Who's the cadet that likes Maj. Roller to inspect the second stoop? He must be a wet blanket.

We hear there is a special order coming out pretty soon that says all commissioned officers have to have their pie plates smooth. You started something Tom, ole gal.

Who's the thousand legged creature that undresses in the courtyard?

CLASS PROPHECY

Again the editors of the Bayonet look into their crystal ball and see the year 1957 coming in through the mist. We will try and see as many of our old class as we can. We don't say that this is exactly as it will turn out but our ball will try its best. As the mist clears we find that it is the summer of the year and we are at the Boardwalk in Atlantic City. At once we hire one of those "go carts" and start down the walk hoping to find a few old friends. This would be an ideal setting if those three fools over on the shore would quit their infernal yelling. Let's get a little closer and see who it could be . . . why of all the people . . . our old first Capt. Mike Welch and his two buddy buddies Harley Hope and Bobby Bowie. As soon as we draw near by they let the fourth party up from under the waves and who should it be but "Major" Smith. They are all nothing but first class playboys that have made their money early and are now losing it early. But seriously we find that they are just down on a little vacation and have seen many of the other fel-

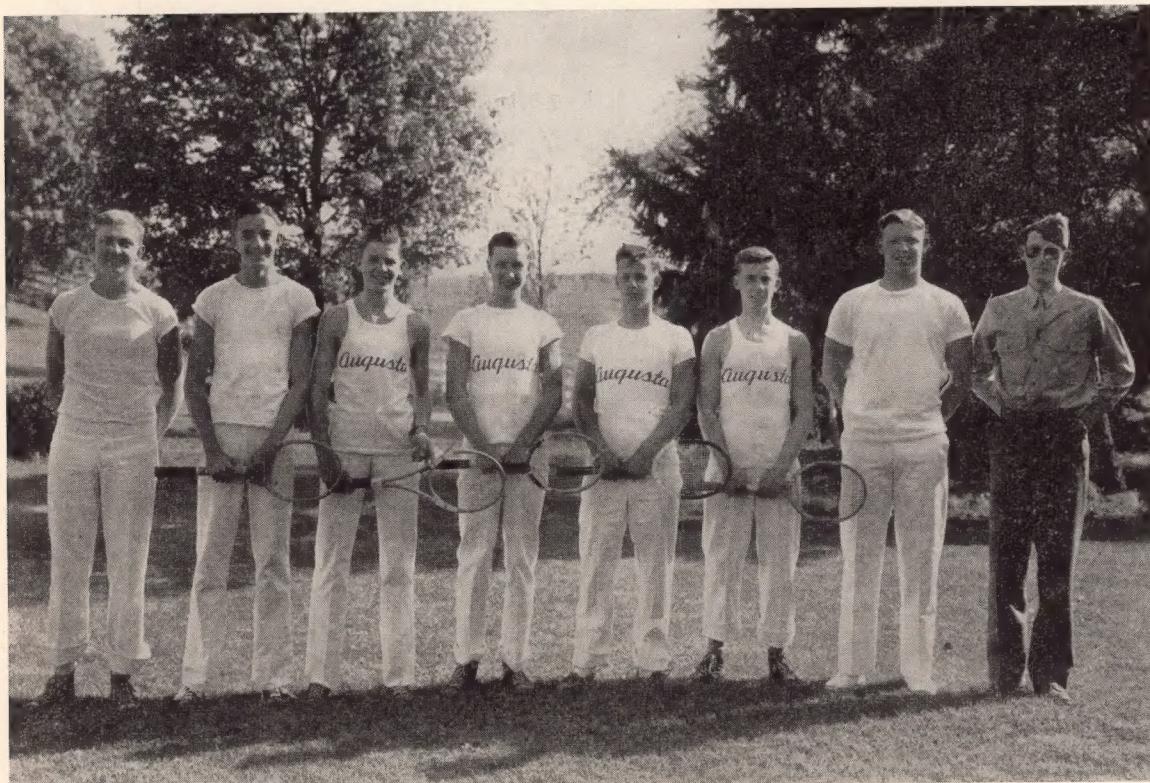
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**BASEBALL TEAM**

Standing: Chessom, Larus, Bowie, Winecoff, Inskeep, Jones, Sykes.

Seated: Lt. Koogler (coach) Reed, Tyrrell, Tutwiler, Fontaine, Eddy,
Pappas (Manager)

**TENNIS TEAM**

Walters, Sanders, Lepper, Clements, Sellars, Kirby, Harris, Lt. McNeill

FAREWELL SPEECHES OF CADET CAPTAINS

(Continuing a custom begun five years ago, the "BAYONET" herewith presents an address to the Corps from each of the Company Captains.)

"Staff"

"Well Fellows, I guess the end of the year has come, and it's time to say farewell. But I will always remember this year's "Staff" as a fine lot of friends. You have all done your jobs well, and I know the ones that are coming back next year will be better than ever. It's been a good year and I know you will all live fine lives. So lang and good luck! !!"

Geof Layng

"A" Company

"Farewell my friends. I cannot find words to express my appreciation for what you, my company, have done for me this year. I am grateful that I had such fine officers, Non-Commissioned officers and privates that helped to make "A" Company one of the best Companies in the Battalion. Without your cooperation my company would have ceased to function. We must now put our efforts into winning the Company Competition and I have no fear what the outcome will be.

"A happy and a well earned summer to all of you and may God bless your futures."

"Mike" Welch.

"D" Company

Gentlemen of "B" Company

This year has been an outstanding one for our company and I know that the coming week will add more laurels to our guidon.

I would like to express at this time to the officers and men my deepest appreciation and gratitude for the marvelous way they have cooperated. It was an honor and privilege to be the leader of such a fine organization and it will be hard indeed for me to say good-bye.

H. R. May.

"C" Company

To the men of "C" Company:

"I want to take this opportunity to thank each and everyone of you for your splendid cooperation throughout the entire school year. I will always remember "C" Co. of 1946 and 1947 as an outstanding organization, both in military prowess, and in the high spirit. As a drilling unit you have had no equal, and your morale cannot be excelled.

I want to thank my officers for their

untiring efforts to better the Company, and all men in ranks of their willing obedience.

To the men who are returning next year, I extend my best wishes for an ever greater corps.

To the whole Company, I bid a reluctant, but fond—Farewell."

—Bob Freshman.

"D" Company

As it is said, "All good things must come to an end," and so I will not say farewell to you, the swell fellows of company "D". This little formal goodbye is much more sincere than can be expressed on paper, and therefore you must read between the lines. During my three years at A. M. A. I often wondered how my Captain felt at finals, well here I am in the same fix. And it is no fun.

The cooperation of each and every one of you during our well spent year with each other could not have been better, and my thankfulness for that is endless. The memories of my life here are climaxed by the wonderful association with you all, my heart really swells with pride and admiration for each and every one of you, and your thoughtfulness. Without your endless support I could have accomplished nothing. I hope that I have appeared a generous and sincere friend toward you as you have proven to be for me. If I have all will have been perfect, and who can ask for more. In closing, I could use big words, but it would all boil down to one thing, "Thanks" from your most grateful captain.

—Bobby Bowie

"E" Company

In this farewell speech I wish to say that my company is better than it ever has been in the past. It has risen to a new height for it has shown the other companies that it makes no difference in size or age. And when I leave I know that our Company "E" of 1946-1947 will be remembered in the history of A. M. A.

I know that the boys in my company will someday be the cadet officers of the battalion. I wish to say on the behalf of my officers that the company has done a job they can be proud of.

—Sam G. Conley Jr.

"Band"

In saying farewell to the band of 1946-1947 I want to take this opportunity to congratulate and thank each and every member for their kind sincere cooperation. It has truly been a good year for the band. You have really given me something to remember in the years to come. It is some-

thing that makes a fellow fill up with pride. I'll never be able to repay any of you in full, but as a partial payment, you are all welcome at 402 W. 36th St. anytime you are in Savannah, Ga., either day or night. Your spirit has been exceeding and your will has been wonderful. Until I see you all again, all I can say is Thanks for all these wonderful attitudes. I hope to be a pal to you all forever.

"J. B." Simmons

"Headquarters Company"

I have been asked to write a farewell to the men of Hdq. Co. I do not like to say goodbye. You have been my friends during both the good and bad of this year and some of you in years past. It is my sincere hope that you will accept my apologies for my shortcomings and my thanks for your support and loyalty to the company.

To the ones of you who are coming back next year I am sure you will work and win and that Hdq. Co. will be better an ever.

To those of you who are not returning, I wish all luck where ever you go.

—William M. Sumner

BAYONET HONORS OUTSTANDING CADETS

After careful consideration we have selected the following cadets as the ones that have contributed the most to the various activities at A. M. A. throughout the year.

In football Dave Ducey in the back field and Rhodes on the line. These two were instrumental in our successful season.

On the 150 pound football team Singers starred in the backfield while Bradford and Young shared honors on the line.

Jack Reed, Mackey, and Slaughter were the sparks on the basketball team. They were instrumental in our second place standing in the military league.

In wrestling, Adelberg and Callahan were chosen for their many hard-fought bouts which they won.

In fencing Field, Smith, M. C. and Bowie, whose hard work throughout the season resulted in the many victories for Augusta.

On the swimming team Click and Sellers took top honors for their fine work at the Nationals.

The excellent shooting of Bangsberg won the rifle team second place in the Second Army area.

Tutwiler, whose excellent pitching won many a ball game for the blue

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RIFLE TEAM

1947 will go down in the history of Augusta as one of the most successful years for the A. M. A. rifle team. The team has made a record that will stand high for years to come. The team was captained by Howard Bangsberg.

The opening meet with Harrisonburgs Mens Club was won by HMC by the score of 1314 to 1262. Cadet Bangsberg was scoring man in this three position meet with 265.

Fork Union was our first victim by the score of 1778 to 1612 with Cadet Bangsberg being the high scorer in four positions with 272.

The next three matches were mail matches with Hanover High School, N. C. with Augusta winning 3447 to 3261 Cadet Huntsberry being high scorer for the four positions; Lafayette College nosed out Augusta 1382 to 1355 with cadet Roberts high scorer for us in three positions; Evanston High School, Evanston, Ill., losing to the Blue and White riflemen 5108 to 2388.

The high mark of the season came when we met the U. S. Naval Academy Plebes. The final score was 1332 to 1327 for Navy the winner.

Massanutten fell by the score 1325 to 1253. Cadet Huntsberry was High scorer for Augusta by shooting a 264.

The next match was a return match with the Harrisonburg Mens Club which they won by 912 to 898 with Cadet Huntsberry being top man with 187.

Fishburne then defeated Augusta by 1332 to 1268 with Bangsberg the high man with 264.

The next three matches were mail ones with New Hanover High School losing again 3523 to 3384; Charlotte Hall Military Academy losing to Augusta 1331 to 1278; and another match with New Hanover H. S. losing 3514 to 3355.

In the return match with Fork Union we again won 1278 to 1233 with Cadet Bangsberg being high score man with 265. New Hanover came closer but again lost 3529 to 3515.

In the sixth annual Marine Corps National Invitation Meet, Augusta placed sixth and with Cadet Bangsberg being our high man.

In the State Prep School Six Way meet Augusta placed third.

This team deserves the highest praise possible for the wonderful record they have made this past season.

WRESTLING

The 1947 wrestling team will be remembered always as the team that defeated Woodberry Forest. This dream cherished for the past three years came to reality and the fruits of this victory alone made the success of this season. Notwithstanding this victory the squad turned in the most remarkable record

of wins in the past ten years. Beginning with a large carryover of material from last years squad plus the entrance of some experienced grippers. Under the leadership of Tom Callahan and Joel Adelberg they took V. S. D. B. early in the season and easily trounced them 19-3. Duncan, Philopoulous N, won by decision while Warne, Gregory and Turner won by falls.

In the next meet with the Jayvees of W. & L. we met with a tie. It is a coincidence that about every bout was either lost or won by a fall. Warne, Philopoulous, G., Callahan and Adelberg won our portion of the tie.

The next meet was history making as far as A. M. A. is concerned. This was the meet with Woodberry Forest and the win brought us our cherished desire. Warne, Gregory, Rhodes did their part by pinning their men while G. Philopoulous, Callahan, came up with decisions to clinch our first victory over W. F. in many years.

Flushed with the fruits of victory we got lax in our next meet which was with V. M. I. and we were decisively defeated 21-3. Joel Adelberg was our only shining light this afternoon when he earned a decision in the 155 lb. class.

Snapping back after this defeat we trimmed the Health Club of Winchester 22-10. Duncan, Rhodes and Warne turned in falls while G. Philopoulous, Callahan, N., Philopoulous, and Adelberg earned decisions.

The next two meets were with the Jayvees of V. P. I. with the meets being divided between the two schools.

The return meet with the W & L Jayvees saw us romping all over our opponents 31-3. Warne, Callahan, Adelberg, Rhodes and Larus won by falls while G. Philopoulous, and Turner won by decisions.

The next meet was with W. Va. School For The Deaf and Blind which proved to be a comparatively good workout for our team as we won easily 21-3.

**JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL
1947**

The Junior Varsity Basketball quintet began their season with a full five man team back from last year: Forwards—Farley, Telwick; Center—Sanders; Guards—Steele, Hope,

The team marched through a successful season with seven wins to only one loss. Steele and Hope, being elected co-captains, urged their teammates forward to win with flying colors. The combination of the lanky center and the speedy forward Farley, led the teams scoring honors. With the fine floorwork of Helmick and the backing of the reserves, the Kooglerman won top honors in the Valley. The point totals are as follows: Augusta 373, Visitors 256.

FENCING RESUME

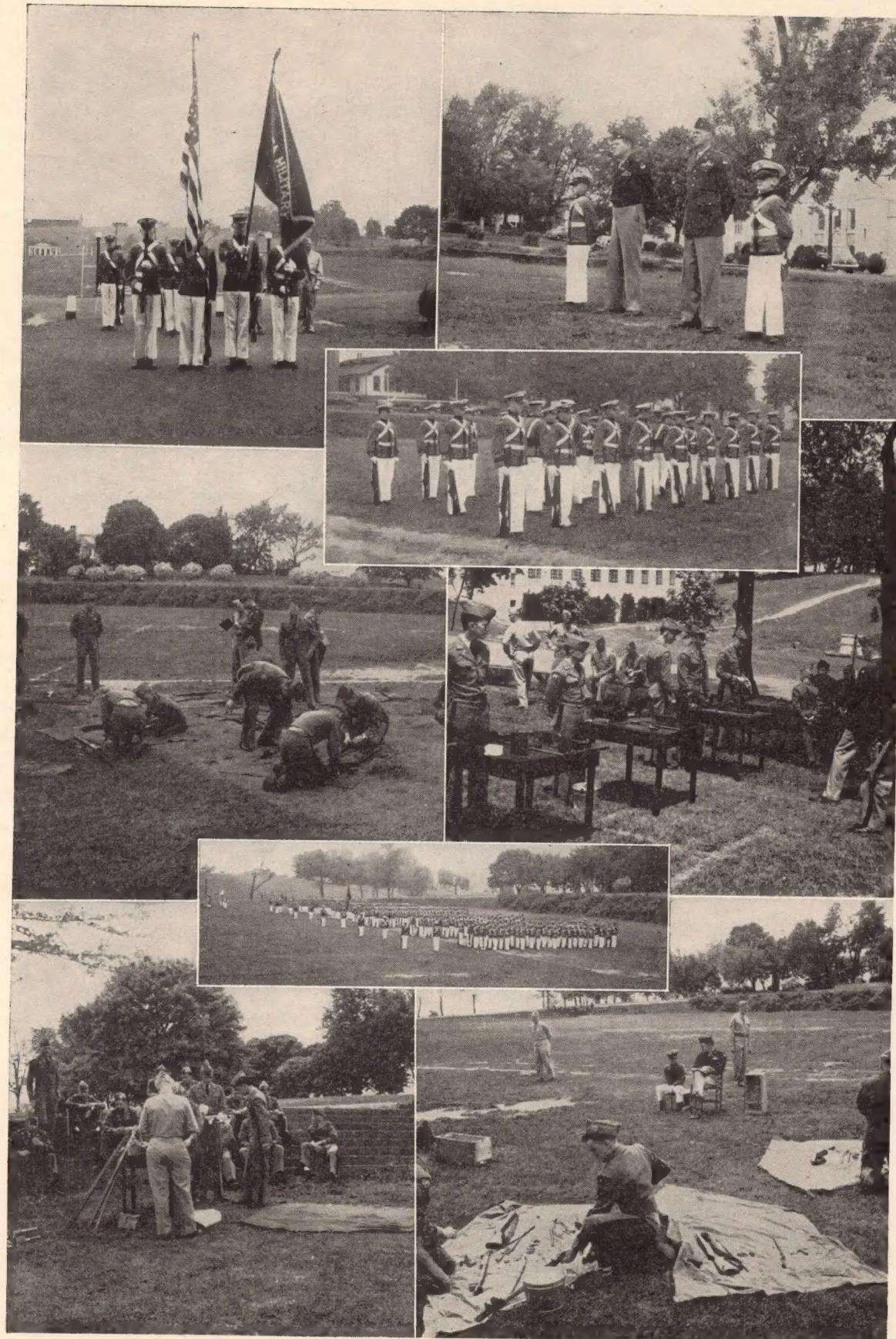
The fencing season was the most successful in the history of this sport. The three weapon team forged to new and greater heights. The opening meet was with Riverdale Country School of New York City with our opponents winning 17-10. This defeat was not unexpected as Riverdale had a veteran team of three years standing. Nevertheless Field, Ducey, Tomlin, Smith, Bowie, and Inskeep proved their metal in this opening engagement.

Next were the West Point Plebes who fell before us 17-10. In the foil Field, Ducey, and Tomlin took two apiece; in the epee, Smith with three, Conley two, and Lepper one; in the sabre Bowie and Inskeep shared honors with Bowie taking three and Inskeep two.

Next we took two from City College and Patterson Park by the same score 6-3. City College had won seven straight matches until this defeat by A. M. A. Against City, Field won three, while Ducey took, and Tomlin took one. Against Patterson Park Ducey won three, Field two, and Aldrich one. The next afternoon the Navy Plebes were engaged in what was our most spectacular meet of the season. For the first time in Navy's history they lost an engagement in foil. AMA won 5-4 with Ducey and Tomlin taking two apiece, while Field took one; in the sabre AMA threw a scare in Navy's rank by losing 5-4 when Bowie won two and Fouracre and Rhea took one apiece. In the epee we earned only three points when Lepper won two and Smith one.

The next meet was a triangler affair with City College and Fork Union. Here AMA won two more when AMA's first team easily defeated City College 5-4 and the J. V.'s downing Fork Union easily 5-0. Ducey, Field, Tomlin were the stars against City while Annette, Wagner, Gonzales shared honors against Fork Union.

Haverford College and Penn Charter were our next victims. Against the former in the sabre Bowie won three, Rhea two, and Fouracre one; in foil Field and Ducey won two and Tomlin one; in epee Henry carried away all honors by winning three, Lepper and Smith won two. Against the latter in foil Ducey lost the only point while Field and Tomlin had a field day; in sabre Bowie won all three, Fouracre and Rhea won two apiece. In the epee Conley, Lepper, Smith won easily. In the triangular meet with Valley Forge and Penn Charter, AMA emerged ahead of the other two by the scores of 31½ to 31 for VFMA and 17½ for Penn Charter.



**LACROSSE TEAM**

Back Row: Adelberg, Young, Jordan, Horowitz, Crowgey, Michaels, Gregory

Middle Row: Henry L. Cripsen, May, Childs, Loewy, Gayle

Front Row: Warne, Fusselbaugh, Cowell, Lamon, Brooke, Duros, Coulter

**TRACK TEAM**

THE ADVENTURES OF
STUBBS PARKER

Gather round and pull up a chair for the next episode of that Son of Augusta, Stubbs Parker. When we left him in the last issue, Stubbs was still dopey from the blow he received on his head in a basketball game. (A new reason.) Stubbs left the Infirmary on a bright Saturday morning and headed for his humble abode in the sixth stoop tower. Major Roller had moved him, since the trap door had fallen on Henry's hand. He said he wanted to give the corporals more room as they came up every morning to raise the flag.

Stubbs noticed that his room was still straight and orderly as he had left it. So he stumbled through the tables and chairs, and waded through the clothes on the floor, and finally got to his favorite spot, the bed. Just as he was relaxing he heard Osherooff wading through his own room downstairs screaming something about a rifle inspection that afternoon. "Well," thought Stubbs, "if I work real hard on my rifle, and borrow some clean clothes to wear, I may be able to work off some of my demerits. It's worth a try." So Stubbs quickly began struggling with his rifle. As he scraped the mud and dirt off the stock, a brilliant thought struck him. He figured that if he could be inspected in 'A' Company then slip over to 'B' Company and be inspected, then sneak over to 'C' Company and be inspected again, and so on down the line, he could win quite a few merits at one inspection.

As soon as he had satisfied himself that he was the neatest cadet in school, much the same as Wreden does, he heard the bugle sound for inspection. He dashed down and was in ranks just a few minutes after fall in. That's unusual for Stubbs, who usually misses all the formations. When Fotinos came by inspecting, he looked at Stubbs and said, "Very fine dike, very fine rifle, give this man first place. What's your name?" "Stubbs Parker, sir," Stubbs snappily answered. As soon as Fotinos had gone on to the next squad, Stubs slipped quietly over to the adjoining company, and almost immediately, Brewer approached him and he came smartly up to inspection arms. Brewer looked him over for at least thirty minutes and still couldn't find a thing wrong with him. "Very fine," said Brewer, "give this man first place. What's your name, son?" Stubbs almost slipped and gave his real name, but he couldn't get a place in more than one company so he told him his name was Pubbs Starker. Soon after he went to "C" Company and promptly won a place under the name of Stubbs

Tarker. In "D" Company he told them his name was Bubbs Karker, and in "E" it was Mubs Larker. This continued through every company in the battalion, until he had won seven places. Stubbs felt very proud of himself as he fell asleep that night. But he didn't know the hub-bub he had caused in the P. M. S. and T. office. There was a large gathering of faculty, including the military department in full force trying to figure where all these, Markers, Starkers, Barkers, and so forth had come from. They finally decided to wrap it up in red tape and let it go.

Monday night in the Mess Hall, Major Roller stood up, and after discussing the weather and other weighty problems, he started reading the standings of the companies. He glanced them over and started reading. "First place in 'A' Company Stubbs Parker, second place Cadet Folline, third place Cadet Koltin. In 'B' Company, first place, Pubbs Starker; I've never heard of him. Who is he? Oh, well, let's get on. In 'C' Company, first place goes to Stubbs Tarker, hmfffff, Stubbs Tarker, Tarker, Tarker, I can't quite place that name. Probably some new cadet. In 'D' Company Ruggs Marker wins first place. Now just a minute, O.D., have any new cadets come in recently?" "No sir, Major." "Hmnnnnn, that's strange," mused Major. "Major Hoover, Major Hoover, are you here tonight?" Quietly from the back of the Mess Hall came the slow, soft answer, "Yeah." Major Roller disregarded this and went on. "Have I got any new boys here by the name of Starker, Marker, Garker, Barker or the like?" "No sir, Major." Major tried a new angle. "Is Starker in the Mess Hall?" . . . No answer. "Is Barker in the Mess Hall?"

. . . No answer. "Is Parker in the Mess Hall?" Finally the petrified Stubbs found his tongue, stood up and answered loudly, "I'm all of them, sir." "What? Starker, Marker, Barker, or just what is it?" "I'm all of them sir." "What?" exploded Major. "Now son, you can't do this to me. After all I've done for you, you stand up there lying to me. How can you expect me to believe that?" "But it's true, Major," insisted Stubbs. "That's all," said Major as he strode over to Stubbs'

FINAL EXERCISES

The final meeting of the oldest literary society in the United States will be held in the Academic Building on Monday, June 2nd.

The feature of the program will be a debate on the subject, "Resolved that the Congress should enact legislation requiring compulsory arbitration in all labor disputes." The affirmative side will be held by Cadets Freshman and Aldrich. The negative side will be held by Cadets Callahan and Suarez.

In addition to the debate there will be music selections and declamations.

BAYONET HONORS
OUTSTANDING CADETS

(Continued From Page 5)
and white team this year.

In track Jack Harrison and Tom Fouracre made a wonderful name for themselves and for Augusta.

Adelberg and Lamon were chosen as the sparks of the newly started La Crosse team.

Lepper and Walter's fine work both on and off the court have given them the honor of being the most valuable to the team.

Salzman has been selected for his outstanding performance on the links.

Outstanding New Cadets

"A" Company—Lora, Johnson, L. W.; "B" Company—Dean, C. E., Englehart, Roberts, White; "C" Company—McGrew; "D" Company—Chang; "E" Company—Seigle, Crawford, Hodge; Band—Slusser; "HQ"—Hancock, H., Singers.

table with a fiery glint in his eyes. With "Six months in the hospital," he picked Stubbs up and hit him with "Sudden death." Now is the time to find out if Major's right hand is all that it is claimed to be. Is it really sudden death to be hit by it? Will Stubbs survive? All we can do is hope (not) and tune in next issue for our next installment of that roving, rollicking rascal, Stubbs Barker, error Stubbs Parker.

TOM FOURACRE, BILL ALDRICH NAMED CO-EDITORS

(Continued from Page 1)

The photography department will be handled by Cadet John Seibold. Through his efforts many of the pictures in your year book were made possible.

The Art Department will be in charge of Cadet Bob Buchmaster.

With a staff such as this the *Bayonet* next year cannot help but be a whale of a success, and as this year's staff turns the publication over to the new men, we wish them the best of luck and may they have a most successful season in their year of work.

SATIRE

The sun was slowly setting above the glorious and intriguing city of Vienna. Countless roof-tops dotted the wondrous metropolis. It's narrow, winding streets were bathed by the fading tinge of light. Carriages rumbled across the avenues, surrounded by throngs of people. Everything appeared serene and peaceful. A blind, wretched beggar was straying in search of alms. His clothes were tattered and torn, his body dirty and unkempt. A long, ugly scar brutally disfigured his dark, handsome face. He walked with a limp, dragging one of his legs as if it were made of wood. Then my contemplating gaze swept another. A tall, impressive individual strutting with a bold, conceited manner. He was garbed in a brilliant uniform, adorned by a colorful array of medals. He had a wry, distinguished moustache. His eyes were a clear, deep blue and his facial expression was strong and unwavering.

The grains of time were passing and soon the distant horizon was transformed into a heavenly hue of scarlet. Night was approaching and darkness was swiftly descending earthward. Within a few moments, the entire city was enclosed by a cloak of total darkness. Vienna was doubtlessly stirring during the daylight hours, but now beneath the glittering canvass of dazzling illumination, she was superbly magnificent. I was completely overwhelmed by her dynamic beauty. From her wry heart, she seemed to release a ravaging flame of inspiration. I reeled like a drunkard, feverishly obsessed by a kingdom of fantasy.

While strolling through the center of the city, I viewed a long row of theaters. Finally, I decided to enter one, partly because I had nothing better to do and also for the sake of amusement. The price of admission was reasonable and I somehow managed to obtain a seat in the second row.

I sat quietly in the semi-darkness. A crowd was clustered about me, exchanging endless streams of conversation. I casually looked around, eying first one person, then another. Suddenly the lights commenced to dim. A soft, melodious flow of music filled the air. There was a deep hush throughout the audience, as the delicate chords of music grew stronger, surging with growing momentum. The curtain went up and the show had begun. Out came the characters, facing the footlights and the critics. The color was stupendous, the acting of outstanding quality. The scene was quite spectacular. Then

a singing ensemble appeared, the girls clad in dresses of snow white silk. Their movements were graceful and bewitching. A heavy cloud of silence and ecstasy lay about me. I watched with tireless fascination as the little bodies danced rhythmically across the stage. As I sat there, entranced by this musical, my eyes instantly fell upon one girl in particular. Perhaps it would be more authentic to say that her eyes first fell upon me. My emotions were profoundly aroused to their very depths. There was something about her, something definitely intangible. I tried to look away, but each time I did, it was only for a moment. Again and again I attempted to grasp her sweet, gentle eyes, eyes that were very large and very soft. They could be compared with a pair of twinkling stars, isolated in the desolate heavens. In a way it was amazing, for somehow, I seemed to be staring, delving into another world. My gaze slowly swept her auburn hair, a cascade of beauty that was glowing beneath the whispering canvass of light. Her hair shone with a radiance that neither could be equalled, nor surpassed. It all seemed strange, but in more respects, pretty wonderful. I squirmed continuously in my seat, I just couldn't sit still. An inevitable force was drawing me forth. Her lips were a solid crimson, and her face, a mask of fathomless beauty. She was so near, yet so far.

I breathed deeply and soon the play was nearing its end. The cast was subject to several encores, and then my dream world crumbled like a piece of paraffin. A logical reason was that I had never before sat on the end seat of the second row. Apart from logic, there was something else, something I dare not mention. Something that's like a newborn swallow having its first flight through a sky of swift engulfs currents.

I left the theater shortly after the performance. I took a long walk and did quite a bit of thinking. I was so possessed by time alone, that I disregarded the element of time. Eventually, howe'er, I reached my apartment, hoping to retire for the night. I tried to sleep, but I couldn't. I kept tossing to and fro. Everytime I closed my eyes, I constantly visualized that face of immaculate beauty, and the brilliant down-sweep of auburn hair. It refused to disappear. It was a part of me, and perhaps it would be so throughout eternity. Leaving my bed, I lit a cigarette, and sitting before my desk, I commenced to write. You see, it was my fervent ambition to sometime become a renown writer. It had been my ambition since childhood. I

wrote incessantly, inspired by those soft, dark eyes, and the crisp, auburn hair. I revealed my utmost emotions in undisputable black and white. I didn't complete my work until dawn, and then, entirely exhausted, I succumbed, and fell asleep.

I slept all that day, and when I awoke, I read my manuscript carefully, and decided to pay the girl, to whom it was dedicated, a visit. Having my supper, I waited several hours and then departed for the theater. When I arrived at my destination, I somehow managed to gain entrance backstage. Looking around, I suddenly spotted her, and taking one good look to verify that she was the right one, I boldly advanced toward her. I didn't know exactly what I was going to say, or how I was going to say it, but it was already too late to retreat, for she was standing directly in front of me. I introduced myself; I withdrew my toilsome accomplishment. Placing it securely in her hand, I requested her to read it. She condescended, but upon finishing, she laughed boisterously, mocking my flattery to a definite point of sarcasm. She smirked defiantly. Her eyes narrowed, and her words were harsh. She told me to get out, and to beg for my alms elsewhere. I was furious, but, nevertheless, I checked the quickening pace of my temper. I left, stunned and dumfounded. Once outside, I stopped for a moment, gazing upward at the dark heavens, heavens that were embellished by a nest of silvery stars, and a fully glowing moon. I realized that the beauty, the gentleness, the sweetness that I had so vividly captured was nothing more than a dream. A dream having acquired a very tragic, but very realistic ending. It was like being struck by the first flicker of dawn. The goodness that I had perceived was false and untrue. The beauty was nothing but a mask, a thin, yet unrivaled mask. What a stupid, blind fool I had been! I should have known that the soul was the very depth, the very heart. How easily I had been duped, tricked, fooled. The stage had radically disillusioned me. I would write about her again, but with my senses sobered. I would rip the mask from her sweet, lovely face, and seek the realism, and not the shadows of my imagination.

Several days passed, and still I couldn't erase that experience from my mind. Ultimately, I decided to visit the theater once more, to view a final performance.

During a cool, autumnal evening I satisfied this irking desire. I sat in the semi-darkness again. The curtain went up and the characters appeared. I saw her clearly, standing proudly on the

stage. A triumphant smile was upon her face, and her exterior beauty still remained immaculate. Suddenly her expression changed. A look of horror replaced the smile. I turned around, and in the center aisle, there stood a beggar with a cruel and ugly scar marring his handsome features. He walked with a distinct limp. Slowly and methodically, he approached the stage. The audience looked on in awe. There was extreme silence, not even a single word could be heard. Nearer and nearer he came, dragging his disabled leg. Then a most incredible thing occurred. The beautiful face that I had watched so admiringly, began to change. The smooth, clean lines became viciously distorted. The moist, crimson lips became narrow and cracked. The intriguing auburn hair commenced to disintegrate. The big, gentle eyes became hard and cold, like the vengeful eyes of death. There was a piercing scream, and then a lifeless heap lay quietly on the stage. The stranger in the aisle turned, and swiftly departed, taking advantage of an audience in panic.

I gazed at her, but with a lack of pity or sorrow. Her voluptuous magnetism and mask were no more. Only the truth remained, in the form of a shriveled hag.

I left Vienna, and to this day I have never forgotten the girl with the sweet and gentle eyes, and the brilliant down-sweep of auburn hair.

Don't let the dimmed lights and the enrapturing color deceive you, for beyond them there is nothing but stark, brutal reality. I drank with my soul and I was a fool.

CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued From Page 2)

lows and this prompts us to be on our way and find them. In the distance we hear an orchestra so we turn all eyes in its direction and see a large sign that says . . . Johnny Pappas and his Rhythm Makers. We know by this that it can be no other than our old friend Johnny. Sure enough there he is standing there as if he owned the place. Just standing up to take a solo part is Curtis Lowe, who is playing with John. And while they are making the music the eye-filling spectacle is being filled by Wilson Harrell, now a professional dancer, as he whirls around the floor with his partner Paul Thornton. They have made a big hit on Broadway and are expected to go into the Bryant Brother movies. (We know that they are just cousins but let them have their fun.) While we are on this subject we might say that some of our old

friends have taken the place of former movie stars. Mr. Finn has taken the place of Johnny Weismuller as Tarzan and has become the idol of thousands of Saturday afternoon movie goers. Also Dave Ducey has become a second Alan Ladd. He is one of those versatile characters who plays football, fences and stars in track. But getting back to our trip we move on and mosey over where a large crowd of people have formed and are shouting there heads off for what we don't know as yet but it doesn't take long to see that they are watching a regatta which is in full swing. We obtain a program and see that Jack Talbot and Jack Field are the leading contenders for the title of best Boatsman. In trying to get closer we bump into Admiral Howard Bangsberg who is accompanied by General Conley and Cpl. Lepper. They have just come from the large Gymnasium where a large number of sports contests are taking place so we take a crack at trying to see some more of the class there. As we walk in we, much to our surprise, find some of the old athletes still at their sports, a few of these are Tom Callahan and Al Crowgey, who are really successful business men but are just having a good time throwing each other around. And standing in a corner across the room we see the All-American Football team of this year who are all Former A. M. A. students. The two Litchfields were both top nominees for the back-field. Jones W. F. is also on the first string team. On the line we find our old pals like Eddy, Moon, Grove, Mohler, Rhodes, Harbison, and Heppner. These boys have gained the recognition of the whole country. They are expected to go into Pro-football in the fall. And there is a bad boy, Johnny Larus, he is trying to give them one of his own cigarettes and we know that none of these fellows would dare smoke because it would cut down their wind. And standing right beside Big John is a boy who has just set some new swimming records, Johnny Winn. His coach was Sammy Neff, he himself has a couple records. We go over to speak to them and find that they are talking of the recent election which has just changed a lot of officers in our Gov't. For instance John Warfield was made Sec'y. of State and Johnson L.W. was made Sec'y. of Agriculture. Bil Sumner was made head of the U. S. N. A. Whoops the ball is growing dimmer, this must mean that we

have to go elsewhere to find the rest of the class.

Ah here we are the ball is clearing and we find ourselves in a city but we could not quite catch the name. Anyway we see a familiar face right away and it is Longie Trumansky who is the owner of the largest shoe manufacturing plant in the world. This business manager, Max Kumanovsky has been doing a grand job and he says his success is due largely to the advertisement signs designed by Boots Jester. Boots also draws the cartoons in the local paper which is owned and operated by Bob Freshman and Manny Greenberg. As we look around town we see quite a lot of the major business enterprises are owned by "the boys." The bank is owned and operated by Harley Davidson. The Vice-president is the whistler John Herring. The head teller is Walter Duncan. And here is the laugh or laughs . . . J. B. Simmons owns the leading dairy in the town and has been making quite a hit with the cows. His head foreman is Mr. Smith, L. Our crystal ball also tells us that this town has a very large airport which is under the control of Vince Barber and Larry Salzman. A large plane is just arriving as we get there and who should step from the stairs but our South American friends Frank Suarez and Cuervo, O. D. who have become quite prominent in politics. Following them up we see a Bendix washing machine, oh! it's Geof Layng. He is now a traveling salesman. Behind him comes that noted trumpet player Shorty Reynolds who has come here to give a concert in the honor of Gov. Charlie Winston and Mayor William Woods, who are just completing their year in office. We follow them back to town and they immediately go to the Smith Hotel (the pride and joy of Ben Smith). In the lobby we see two old friends Cook and "Corny" who are both hooked up in the theatrical business so naturally that's where our actors are heading. The desk clerk is also a graduate David Marks. Over in one corner of the room we see Harry May now a senator and his old roomie Spermo talking things over as to the outcome of the election. Oh! Oh! there go our actors so we dive in the next elevator and meet them on the fifth floor and start down the hall. As we pass one room you can hear Jack Humphreys and Freddy Oyler telling their interested listener, who is Martin, L., all about their new cotton mill. It sounds good anyway says Link. In the room we are served one of the

best meals to be had as a special gift of the chef Ray Houff. The telephone rings and we hear Shorty give a loud welcome to Bobby Rhea, who now is city manager. He says that he has a surprise for us. He tells us to stay in the room and he is going to bring a couple of the fellows up for a while.

After about a fifteen minute wait Bobby knocks at the door and as we open it we are astounded by the number of our friends that are here. They all come in and of course the first thing that we ask them is what they are doing. Jack Milestead and Percy Burton are the first ones to answer. These two believe it or not are running the biggest Law firm in Lynchburg. They seem to be doing all right too. Next in line is "J. C." Campbell. We can't imagine what kind of work he could do because he trifles so much. But he tells us that he has actually given up the sport and gone into the building and loan business. Yipe! While still trying to believe him, Al Kirby steps up and says that it is the truth because he was the one who helped him get his third factory built. Al, by the way, is manufacturing automobiles. Dutton jumps up to back him up and pat himself on the back as he is Al's business manager. They are here in the city checking up on Mackey who is salesman for the whole state and is just about to be made regional

director. Say who is the silent character? Why it is Mr. Lohman. That didn't go very far as I was corrected and informed that he is now the most noted authority on atomic development in the U. S. Boy there's a big piece of pie for you. We also learn that his first ass't. is Professor Michaels.

It was kinda hot in the hotel so we decided to go to the horse-show that was being held out at the stadium. As we arrive we hear Jay Levinson's name read out as the winner of the last event. He has been doing swell in the show business and has earned quite a name for himself. Looking across the arena we see a box right in the corner of the stands and in the middle of it is George Jackson who now has a large farm in the blue grass state and has a few of his horses entered in today's classic. Beside him is none other than Mr. Childs his lawyer. In the next booth we see Francis Tokar and Mr. Howard having a good time betting against George's horses and making him quite mad. These two run the largest clothing store in the state.

Hey! what's coming off! Oh, oh! it's the crystal ball clouding up so I guess we will have to leave, but that's what we saw in the editor's amazing ball.

SEVENTH GRADE JINGLES

When Wong draws a picture
It always is in motion,
But when it is a mixture
It always starts a commotion.

Oliver is so fat
When he goes to bat
His stomach gets in the way
So he gets no runs, sorry to say.

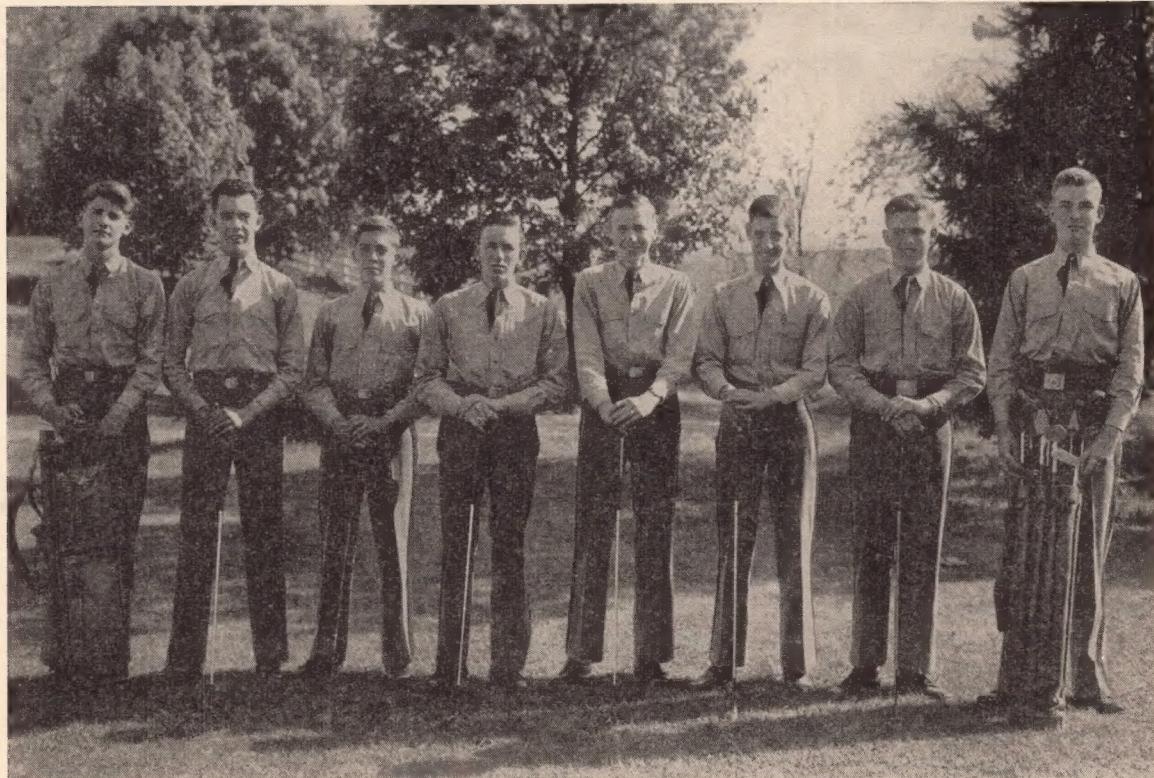
Hatcher is the "funny boy"
Who always likes to play
But when the teacher comes around
He looks the other way.

Ward likes sugar ain't that dandy?
He likes showers, ain't that handy?
The class smelled something
Ask Ward, we hope it's candy.

Deal is the boy
Who is usually so quiet
But when he does something
It really is a riot.

Pulliam is the biggest lad
So happy and so gay
But mention "Baseball,"
And he is on his way.

Beamer is our red head
He jokes and plays all day
Somehow he gets his lessons



GOLF TEAM

Campbell, Milstead, Wallace, Burton, Steele, Seibold, Salzman, Klotz

For his grades and good pay.

Robbins is temperamental
The teacher says
Some days he is good, some days he
is bad
A trip to the fort makes him glad.

Collins can't see girls at all
Every one knows why
His only love is basketball
And maybe apple pie.

Coulter is a jitterbug
Who jitters all the time
Even when the teacher looks at him
He doesn't seem to mind.

No wonder Galvan is so small
He is always getting patted
By the boys
Who are tall.

Harris likes his hair long
A ribbon it sometimes needs
Conley says to get it cut
Before it reaches his knees.

SIXTH GRADE JINGLES

Hailey and Mundin led the band
They brought joy to others as they
Marched by the reviewing stand.

Pullen, the curly-haired blond, didn't
dare
To refuse a picture of his girl
Sitting on the "Bear."

Parnell and Balbis are quieter than
the rest
They study hard and seldom
Talk at their desks.

Balbis, our Cuban, is very small
He hopes to grow up to be quite tall
His hair is black, his eyes are brown
When it comes to fighting he's as
tough as
Uncle Sam.

Good ole Fogel is a nice old man
His head is flat as a tomato can
He lives in a tent and his pockets
Are without a cent

He bums his money and calls
The girls, "Honey."
Good old Fogel is a nice old man
With his head as flat as a tomato
can.

(by Pete Fogel)

Of all students ever to attend A.M.A.
Cadet Bill Parnell had determination
to stay
In summer he drives his car around
The girls all say, "Parnell's in town."

Catalino and Peralta sit
Side by side
They are a little mischievous
But not really bad.

Our great lover of pets is Klein
He begs bones for a dog that's blind
He is late to class each day
And never knows just what to say.

We hear that George Williams real-
ly knows how to handle the women.
If you don't believe me, just ask
Joan Butler.



J. BARRACKS

Sixth grade has a club called the "Busy Bees." It meets on Wednesday, and the officers are as follows: Parnell President, Balbis Secretary, Catalino Program Chairman. They use different topics for each meeting, the next program is on Poetry.

The seventh grade "Pan American Club" wants to know what should happen if they voted no to the motion for adjournment.

If you hear someone yell for "Nancy," don't expect to see a girl, its only Beamer.

Attention!!! Want your floor waxed and shined extra special? Collins and Oliver have a system. They put a cloth around the broom—Oliver sits on it while Johnny Collins pushes and pulls him around. Makes a nice dance floor.

Mundins invention!!! Place a comic book on the shelf and stand in front so that Capt. Davis thinks you are busy cleaning.

Lancaster doesn't bother opening doors—He goes right through them.

Some of these days Luttrell is going to meet his "Waterloo" if he doesn't stop throwing water.

It doesn't pay to knock A.M.A. and

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sing praises of another school. A certain cadet found that out!!!

The Juniors took a bus tour recently. They saw Bridgewater College, Dayton College, Natural Chimneys and Gypsy Hill park in Staunton.

The picnic at Capt. Roller's place near the river was enjoyed by all. The boys played softball, and Capt. Davis with Capt. McKinney and Shappee kept the game going. Cadet Ward built a fire for the "Hot Dogs," and Mrs. Davis and Mrs. McKinney needed radar to keep in touch with Fogle. Klein wanted to explore but sharpened the cooking sticks instead.

Did Hailey and Peralta really eat too many "Hot Dogs?"

J. Barracks cadets and Mrs. Davis wish to thank Cadet Lester for the use of his music box. And Cadet Folline for the use of his records.

Hodge, Lancaster and Lutrell have an ear for music.

Day, Crawford, Robbins and Fogle

would rather play a nice game of baseball than dance.

Did you ever see the girls posing in front of J. Barracks? The boys wanted pictures of their dance dates.

Galvan may be small but he knows how to handle the girls. Balbis and he seem to be rivals.

Klein H. had a good time dancing, he's in a dream now.

Catalino and Ferguson J. rushed the same girl at the barracks dance. Who would think that Pullen was bashful? Well, he really is!!!

Ferguson E. has a way with the girls.

Mundin is the heart breaker now boys!!

Senor Peralta bows very nicely. Is he popular!

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